



THE
Heroine of the Hudson
AND
OTHER POEMS



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VIEW UP HUDSON RIVER, FROM HOTEL WEST POINT.

THE HEROINE OF THE HUDSON (AND OTHER POEMS)

DEDICATED TO THE NATIONAL
SOCIETY, DAUGHTERS OF THE
AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY
LILLIAN ROZELL MESSENGER

Author of "Fragments from an Old Inn," "The Vision
of Gold," "Columbus," "The Southern Cross," Etc.

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*"Poesy, blazon'd on heaven's immortal noon, leads
generations on."*

THE HEROINE OF THE HUDSON.

(Dedicated to The National D. A. R.)

In that mysterious, nameless realm—and half misty
night, and day—

The great god Thor went forth well pleased of all that
smote his sight.

Strange murmurs of an Echo-world wing'd music all
the way.

“What means this wondrous softness, new,
That hath no part with might—

With power of mine?” he uttered, grave, “and yonder
radiant bow—

It seems half sun, half moon, just born!”—Swift from
the glowing deep

Stole the Water-Spirit, Queen, and plead the great
One to bestow

A boon to her forever,—one whose glory mortals reap.

“And whence, and what wouldest thou, O Queen, and
Wanderer from the skies?”

“I,—risen from the vast cloud-world, implore thee, Thor
divine,

Strike once with thy huge Scepter,

Paths where mountain summits rise,

Then! my Kingdom (broadest rivers) as thine azure
heavens shine,

And clasp the seas and wed them!” And, quickly veiled
in rainbow-arch,

Queen and Water-spirits vanish'd, and the River's way
was born;

For Thor so willed. And soon adown the stream's wild,
wayward march,
Rose her retinue, the beautiful, all spirits of mist and
morn.

And in her leash, led silently, the mist-Queen, scarcely
seen,

(The grey old Storm-King,—in his belt the arrows of
doom conceal'd,)

While from ethereal, bubbles gold,
On sea-waves, azure-green

She scattered sunbeams fitfully, o'er ocean's shining
field,

Or pearl, or ruby-golden, oft bewitching human eyes,
Sprites, and sirens of all upper air. 'Twas thus the
River came

Majestic, grand, long-born of Time; its advent darkling
vies

With knowledge vain; it sped by mount, and vale, as
wild blue flame,

Left Crags, and e'en Niagara, in gloom, and nature's
world

In God's lone silences sublime, for pathways to the
seas,—

For sake of men, and larger life, and, where would be
unfur'l'd,

A newer Dawn for nations, and for Truth, and Liberty:—

When that great soul, brave Hudson should come forth
to this unknown,

And give it name, and history, do God's will, and com-
mand

High altars built to Freedom's cause; to America its throne,—

While sings the river beautiful, his name to sea and land:

It boasts no ruin'd grandeur, ancient castles, old Romance,

And moonlight of old mem'ries, like dim auras of misty-gold.

That veil their desolation, giants slain,—lost murder'd clans,

Where a dead Past leaves its trailing, or superstition its fold.

But, here, the apotheosis of Time's immortal Dream
For mankind's lofty destiny as a vision risen fair—
As dawn o'er summer oceans, and afloat upon the stream
Are forms of light, of beauty, chimes of glory every-
where!

While the phantom of the Red man passeth back to shadow-vales;

And the standard of a newer race unfurls on every height,

For, Commerce, Valor, Wisdom,—

The Christ-love that never fails,

Built home, and town and city, clove forests of iron might.

They were heroes, and their mothers, in our new world's wilderness;

They loved this River Beautiful, by lowly homes, and great,

And Freedom's stronger towers; for true liberty must
 bless
Her Columbia, her first-born, and this her sun-ward
 gate!

From the white hand of the goddess seemed to fall
 each wave, and turn
To music caught in splendor, past the isles and valleys
 wild:—
Famous men (when Revolution's red'ning fires began to
 burn)
Mighty heroes, bore, here, banners for their country,
 undefiled.

* * * * *

When war's clarion called the people, struck the home,
 and rived the shore,
It smote no sweeter home-place, than Abner Lea's,
 whose sturdy name

Was feared or loved by noblest souls
 That by Freedom's fiat swore.

His country and his daughter loved he more than life
 and fame.

“Echo-fell” his home majestic, like a jewel set in stone,
Down Avoca-vale, grew darken'd when the wife, the
 mother died;
Left her fair child Ada Lea, and unto womanhood just
 grown.
Father, sister, this child's idols were; and the river,
 flowing wide

Toward their gates, had been companion where she
played, in golden years,
With tender loving hearts:—to her, the soul of Nature
dear:—
Her simple life, as spring-tide morn, untouched by cloud
or tears,
As a rose, was beauty-woven, full of sunlight trembling
near.

Yet by legend, song, and story, Abner Lea had early
school'd
Her heart in faiths heroic, unto truth and wisdom's
law,
The bed rock of his being—in the faiths his people
ruled.
And listening daily, yearly, much she heard retold, in
awe,
How the "Half-Moon" brought brave Hudson; how the
Red men loved the vale,
The vasty hills and River, with its isles of Paradise.
Loved into life by music! Oftener would her young
cheek pale
At the tones of war's dread thunder. Where the solemn
Catskills rise,
She wander'd with her father, chased the deer and
wilder game,
Rode in forests, hidden by-ways, caught the meshes of
the storm,
From early morn, to noon, or when the ruddy west, like
flame,
Touch'd her darker-golden tresses. 'Twas thus her lis-
some form

Had its Greek-like grace and beauty. Of many suitors
she would none—
That pure high soul devoted. “Nay, for father I but
live”
Would she say unto each lover, with war’s thunders
rushing on.
“Unto home, and country, duty, all my life I now shall
give.”

* * * * *

Many homely lessons, truly Ada learned in gentle awe
Of “Jan Dobs,” and wife, the lowly, as from higher
tutors wise,
And of “Sleepy Hollow’s” wardens; tho’ her spirit-
vision saw
Far beyond their duller seeing, far beyond their veiled
eyes.
When over Storm-King mountain, up Modena Valley
spread,
Up the glens where blue field-flowers, in barren acres
lonely grew
(Like azure clouds just broken), came war’s rolling
tempests dread,
Grim thunders of the battles that red Revolution drew.

Ada trembling whispered: “Father! gird thy sword, nor
fear for me.
“I’ve beheld in Dream the grandeur that awaits our
soldiers great,
“Led by Washington, and Hamilton, and Greene, for
Liberty—
“These, draw the sword ’gainst tyranny, for, that eter-
nal fate.

"Decreed of Him, for Freedom, and man's higher life.
I read

"As plainly as the stars that dip yon silvery waves of
night

"And crown our hills: for many moons, our people's
hearts shall bleed,

"But o'er gloomy tides of battle, ever burns the Star of
Right!

"Two mighty men have risen as God's seers above this
hour.

"With prophetic voice and vision now they bid Columbia
rise

"As the star born of the ages—yea, and in their godly
power,

"These, Washington and Hamilton, of lofty soul and
wise,—

"As one orb shines resplendent, o'er the darkness of this
world,

"While our flag for human freedom, through their glory-
deed's unfurled."

'Twas so she spoke with tear for tear, while the steely
mystic hand

Of war yet gently drew him—slowly drew him, from
her gaze!

All the meadows, and the highlands,

 All the lovely Hudson-land,

Seemed to claim him, with her soul, and vanish out in
purple haze.

PART II.

Many weary moons she wandered, sighing for a father's
love,
And a mother's fond caressing,—other love was yet to
be.
Oft o'er fields and mossy ledges, 'neath gold beeches
would she rove,
With sister, or companions. Came a day alone and free,
She would seek the hill and river-side; while sorrow
stirred anew

Fiercer longings of her spirit
Deeper yearnings undefined:—
A maiden-heart's sweet mystery, who e'er yet its mean-
ing knew?
The fires that light ambitions, hopes, and passions of the
mind?

Called the wood-bine flowers unto her with a voice like
unto rhyme—
The rose's crimson heart but glow'd to answer her own
heart!
Sang the tender song birds, calling, "hurry forth, for I
am thine!"
And new dawning of her spirit was of Nature now a
part.

* * * * *

"I'll see Jan Dobs," said Ada; "we'll go to Raven-Pass,
and e'en
To Eagle-Pass, for haply father's troops go there today."

None knew of soldiers lurking, nor of robber dens unseen.

As she pass'd with fawn-step lightly to "THE Rocks,"
but, little way

From "*Echo-fell*," as clouds grew dark, she turned to
go and lo!

Two forms approach in soldier guise: "Be ye the Britons
dread?

Protect me while,—" But ere she paused, she fell be-
neath one's blow.

A manly form sprang swiftly near. "Back! back! ye
beasts!" he said—

Like cavalier drew sword and smote—his heel upon the
dead."

To her: "Guide me, fair one, and I will lead you from
this wood;

No maiden here must wander!"—"But, sir, these are our
lands, our own!

Said Ada with some anger-heat, albeit the angelhood
Of her sweet soul flash'd from her eyes, till light about
them shone.

The while his manly grace superb betrayed his noble
race—

The soldier courage of great sires; but no warrior's garb
was his:

The fiery mind, deep passion, will, lit up that classic
face,

She quickly read. He whisper'd low,—"What angel
may be this?"

While they passed in sun and shadow, to her home
he feign'd to leave.

"Nay, not so," she spake out gently, "bread and wine
you must receive!"

Spake the sister, "Sir, good welcome! you saved from
more than death;

Now share our cup and board," she said; and their hall
shone fair that night.

"What is your clime? No soldier garb you wear," next
Ada saith—

"But what, or whence, you are love's guest, and lord,—
by holy right!"

And he, a-dream, in magic trance, of all he heard, grew
still

In chaste awe, as one who turns in dreams to find and
feel

The loving hand unreached—"Your eyes, yourself, make
slave my will!"

He spake, while eyes of splendor-light did his true soul
reveal.

"But I must gain the *Eagle-Pass* ere night, and tomor-
row's eve,

At set of sun, I hasten here, by your most gracious leave;

This home is surely heavenly gate and guarded by this
stream,

The noble River Beautiful, all fairer than any dream."
Thence he passed, like star of even, wan'g o'er the
rosy deep

Of summer dusk, where Music's kiss wakes Silence
from her sleep.

Ada mused, nor slept; she ne'er beheld her ideal dream
before
Shrined in such form! "Ah, whence was he? What
knight in fair disguise?
"Is this some vision drifting far from shadow-realms
just o'er
The orient's purpling ocean, with its midnight in his
eyes?
[The dawn of deathless passion, lit her eyes and cheeks
all pale,]
Did he haunt the grove of muses, in some saintly Grecian
isle?"
Thought this maiden, while the lightnings of new feel-
ings rent the veil
Of the holy virgin altars hidden in her soul. Meanwhile,
The stranger-hero came, each morn, in days that threw
their spell
Of magic o'er his heart enthralled; and now new worlds
he saw—
A marvel-realm around him fair, and one within,—"Ah,
well!—
"Should I tell her yet my country, birth, my love?" he
sighed in awe.
"You ne'er were poltroon, coward, Carlton Grey," to
himself he said;
"She is my world forever, tho' earth, and sea, were dumb
and dead!
"What care I now for war-fields?—I will go, will tell her
all.
"If she loves me madly, truly, for she holds my soul in
thrall,

"She shall fly with me to sun-lands, where beauty, love
and music dwell,

"In that fragrant clime unfading, as the pearl within its
shell.

"Will she scorn me, this proud beauty, when she knows I
draw the spear

Against her land and kindred? Aye, her heart I first
shall gain!

No more I'll wear this armor, and her sweet presence
near;

The sword I'll draw throughout all time, to shield her
life from pain."

* * * * *

When morning birds, and skylark, flung out melodies
on high,

Or when dewy, rosy evening stole from whisp'ring leaf
to star,

Crept the Hudson, on its bosom broken heavens pass-
ing by,

Glowing roses of the sunset, jewels from its amber-
bar,

Far off white bridal tangled veils
Of water sprites were tost,

O'er mossy rocks, and ledges, half in gold-green shadows
lost,

Carlton Grey and Ada, wandered by the water's violet
rim,

In converse low, and musical; caught in the rythmic
hymn

Of love, Love singeth once, for high immortal souls,
to prove

They reign, or fall, by golden laws, that skies and planets
move.

Her passionate young spirit soared aloft on ardent wing
Of imagination glowing, and on luminous warm tides
Of enthusiasm beautiful, caught up by faiths that bring
Faëry lights, and tossing down-balls of Dream, that
deftly glides.

From star to star; for, the glory of her creed in which
to live—

In her inmost soul was written—that true living is
to give.

Th' lover begged her for heart-answer to his vows and
pleadings true.

"All my soul is yours," she whispered; and he: "You're
mine eternally:

There is no fame, no crown for me, no heaven that
thrones not you,

O' pure heart, beautiful! your love will my existence
be,

And on the highest height will place my lonely spirit,
where

Peace-Angels and eternal love of mine shall crown you
fair!

"O, fly with me, beloved! flee this land with carnage
rife.

I leave my army, country, and for any land or sea,
For England, or for Italy, and you for my soul's wife,
My star of life!" He clasped her strong in love's inten-
sity,

Yet pleading wildly, madly, while her breaking heart
spake low,—

"You were my love, my very soul, ere ever I could
know

You came with alien armies of the Old Land to enslave
My idol, my own country—now Freedom's temple or
its grave.

"But go, my brave and beautiful—my father ne'er could
see

His child so wed and live"—"Nay, nay, our country
shall be one!"

Then she again: "My heart I'll crush; love's bliss or
misery—

"Can die! But father, country leave? That were a life
undone!

"Claim other flag than yonder stars? Leave my Hudson-
land forever?

"Disown his cause? (alas! for love!) dishonor home—
ah, never!

"Oft a vision looms before me—on my brain it burns!
it burns!

I see new nations, peoples, rising from grey, fiery
plains

Of sanguine war—the New World proud,—queenly face
of glory turns

To East-Kings, fading slowly! On the highest tower
reigns

A beauteous one, and in her grasp, great mystic banner
new—

It waves o'er all its symbol strange of stars and heav'ly
blue!"

Here the tempest of her feelings broke her calm, as
storms will break

Some early morn of summer; while yet deeper thunder-
moans

Of battle follow nearer—bolts of terror in its wake.
Carlton Grey in anguish whisper'd: "See, my life, my
life atones
"For the holy love I bear you—for your truth and love
for me!
"They seek my death, averring, I am a traitor to their
cause,
"To find love's shrine and worship, and not smite down
heresy,
"And fight against this Freedom, spoiling Britain's an-
cient laws—
"Yet naught but death shall sever?" Nearer hissing bul-
lets fly
Stray balls crashing thro' the woodland—grey smoke
rolling far and high,
Tell the armies close in battle: and they seek young
Lord Grey's life—
The lawless troopers scouting, 'round dark edges of
the strife.

Alas, for human error-laws and the dark'ning hand of
fate!
Alas, for holy love when slain on burning spears of
hate:
The fire that sped like lightening bolt, to strike down
Carlton Grey,
Hiss'd round and fell,—ah, God! within that dauntless
maiden breast!
He caught her form—her dying wail,—yet hurled the foe
at bay,
"Receive my word, oh, Love," she breathed: "My
father! my behest!

"Tell him our love, give him your faith; he noblest is
and wise.

"To yonder river bear me on, let it glad once more
mine eyes,—

"Oh, loved and lost! behold! behold!—and what my soul
doth see—

"Another River Beautiful!—Ay, glorious far than ours—
"A gleam! A sail! sweet music floats from near Eter-
nity—

"Shall we not fly from dim'ning lands, unto yon gor-
geous sunlit bowers?

"From the Beautiful to the Beautiful I go; oh, haste
with me,

"For Love hath built our mansion-home, close on God's
shining sea!"

Thus life faded out when young Grey pass'd as deep'ning
shadows fell—

"Let come death and desolation, now—he breathed for
all is well!

"Let come death and desolation, aye—this wave forever-
more

"Shall bear to me to her sun-ward, far beyond one shin-
ing shore!

"For love hath taught, where man hath fail'd, and my
very soul can see

"New glory-climes, and, fair o'er all, my Bride that is
to be."

"THE TIME NEEDS HEART."

New science-ships sail in from vasty seas,
And touch our shores, and leave the keys
Of secret worlds, with giants of high thought—
The wise who toiled and wrought—
Then pass to other shores of truth:
Albeit with every treasure great they bring,
The mighty bard, and poets truly sing,
With all of mind and science, creed, and art,
 "The time needs Heart!"

Invention stands supreme on summits high,
With eager, piercing eye;
Above the world, colossal queen, she coils
Around her secrets, strands as strong as steel,
Yet light as mist from brow to heel,
And signs:—"The world is mine!"
While greed laughs out, "Nay, mine, not thine!"
Still comes the poet's song from vale and height:
" 'Tis never might makes right,
But love, supreme o'er mind and art;
 The time needs Heart!"
And art speaks out her dream: "The world is mine;
I came of and I give you the divine;
In every music-note, star-wave, and flower
I the resultant am of mind and power."
But still, the lonely bard who died for bread,
The hapless sculptor by his statue dead,
Gave their true souls mayhap for love, not art;
 "The iron age needs Heart!"

Else why this feast of shells each day
 For men? this weeping in life's sorrow-vale
 Of tortured souls? the prisoner on his way
 To double-death? the fury, blood and wail
 Of war, involving men in God's great image made?
 Why should one creature be of life afraid?
 Alas, the age of iron, greed and gain
 Puts out the torch, the truth and flame
 Of love and art as on each soul (the poet's page),
 Of this most wonderous age,
 Is burned—"The time needs heart!"

LOVE IN SEARCH OF A WORD.

As th' essence fine, or mystic spirit flame
 Called life, in silence moves unseen, beneath
 Dark winter's snowy vaults, rock-ribbed and dire,
 'Till spring steals forth and decks th' Eden-plain,—
 Plants stars of glory 'bove all shades of death,
 And strikes thro' flow'r and wave and heavens,
 higher,
 Than man's deep thought can penetrate to deep:—
 So love, through error, silence, wrong, and night,
 Still moves invisible from heart to heart,
 And world to world, in search of finer light
 T' illumine words divine, and holy Art;
 That shall forbid, or life or joy, to weep!—
 And yet—and yet—with all man's searching flight,
 From height to height,—from bliss to deeps of woe,
 He finds reply,—from worlds above, below,
 Through strife, or shocks of Doom,—that blindly
 move,
 And answer sole, is what Love tells to Love

CHAUNT OF AMERICA.

Great is Columbia,
America glorious,
As maiden and mother
In unity one.

First born of storm-throes,
Out of far ages,
Girdled by war-clouds
Rent by hope's stars.

Greater the voices
Call for her mighty;
Rapt are the faces
Looking for dawn!

Toilers of sorrow,
And forgers of knowledge,
Sages of wisdom,
Who die for the right.

Here's the new world-hope!
Here's the new dawn-song!
Here, a new heaven
Shall come down to men.

First in the portals
Of earth's final morning
Looms this immortal
In valor and song.

Louder the trumpets yet
Herald her glory—
Speak to the nations
 Undaunted and free:—

Speak of the breaking,
Of day never ending,
Of freedom, star-girdled,
 Encircling the world;—

Of Toil, and Love's union,
To carve the grand highway,
Both lofty, celestial,
 For earth-weary feet:—

Of faith, and Love's crowning
The war-riven darkness
O'er tyranny's ruins
 That frown on the world.

Great is Columbia!
Yet grander the Voices
That call to her heroes,
 'To stand for mankind;

And guard for all ages
This land of immortals,—
This realm of world-valour
 Columbia victorious!

THE ONE DAY.

There's a calm dead night, and far away,
In the deeps of the human soul
Unseen, unknown; yet on some day
When the heart's o'er wrought, the soul a-flame,
Comes secret power in rhythmic roll
Of fires of passion, of beauty and life,—
Man knoweth a force that hath no name,—
He works without rest, or tire or strife.

Just one day only, one it may be
He strikes the chord, or carves the line,
Out of all rapture and mystery,
Catching the gleam, as he carves the Dream,
Seeing, and giving but the divine.

Once only he smites the anvil fires,
And the glowing coals are prophecies;
While Dream, and truth unto which he aspires,
Are for them alone, who fathom deep
Beyond praise of men, his melodies
Not born of success, nor gold and fame;
But flash when the Spirit pauses, still,
As the beautiful veils the night with flame;
And Time is lull'd to a rosy sleep.
Lo! Genius sighs: "Ay, 'tis my will
Love once shall see thy power, and name;"
Then ages pass: men muse, and say,
God veil'd in Song once pass'd our way.

THE ARGONAUTS; OR HAPPINESS FOUND.

*"But lo ! My peaks stand yonder near the sun:
And I crowd on with those who make the crowd,
And loiter but a time to speak aloud
My feeble little dream; and it is done."*

Behold fair Ione in life's glad may-time !
Of beauty wov'n of God's own joy and light,—
Of beauty matchless, pensive, yet sublime,
And luminous with rays from farthest height.

To some fair spirit near, unseen she spake :
While she would pause on pilgrimage intent,
A moment did the radiant joy forsake
Her brow, in lofty discontent :

*"I will go on ! I will have happiness
And e'en confront yon glowing group of worlds
But I shall find it; and life's highway press,
As broader widening day unfurls.*

New glory-heights : forever there doth rise
A higher and a higher to the soul !—
And like my mountains and Acadian skies,
Where never tempest-thunders roll.

I'm glad this finite flesh shall winged be !
I'm glad 'tis proven true, and I shall grow
Through the grand Desire, one deathless entity,
The soul that God shall know :—

And his own gardens tend, and still renew,
As acorn grows to oak—as bud to flow'r:
Like tender grass the roots of Being drew
Vast life and Cosmic power;

To me, each day a resurrection Morn—
Undying glory dipping endless seas!
Until my soul all beautiful be grown
Supreme in joy and light, and faultless peace.

Music, mysterious occult and divine
First gave me Truth—the perfect Harmony,—
This the eternal crowns (though Song of mine
Of hope, desire; and nascent lights that be

From secret orbs, get tangled in the Dreams
My soul and beauteous earth unfold:)
Desire! Desire, thro' which th' Godhead streams
To fill with light, the Perfect shall behold:—

Desire! that riv'd the Cosmic night for birth
Of life Desire that giveth man's soul wings,
Or shakes the depths of Being till flashes forth
New worlds for him, as every orb that sings. .

"I'll hunt for happiness, that Golden Fleece,
Thro' golden gates of joy, thro' Beauty's realm:
My flight for these may never, never cease,
Nor death nor time my day o'erwhelm!"



And so fair Ione wander'd on and on,
Though nobler Discontent still made a low
Solemn music, thro' nights and days alone,
As Freedom vast, left heart and soul in woe.

Bereft of bliss, she travers'd lovely lands
Edens of beauty all, where Powers unseen
Quick belt the world with countless threads and bands
Of beauty, binding kindred souls, I ween,

Of such as look to love and God:—sought fame
And Pow'r as 'twere to hush the lasting Why—
And sorrow tides from worlds we never name,
Nor grasp their portents of Infinity.

Then suddenly late eve, on ship-wrecked sands
With dead and dying, near moon-smitten waves,
(That glow'd like flow'rs o'er gates of hell) with hands
Of mercy dropping balm, and love that saves,

She nursed a child and mother nigh to death
To life and joy—(as it were to scorn her own)—
With food and wine brought back the flick'ring breath
While tempests died in wailing moan on moan.

The twain drank joy of life anew; and waves of bliss
She ne'er had felt before thrilled her to see—
In deeds of good to woe, full oft there is,
A veil withdrawn—a glimpse of God's own Majesty.

For, perfect taste of happiness complete
Cometh in secret way as blooms a flow'r

From dark earth-mold, and lifts to heav'n its sweet
Bright miracle divine—born of One Power.

And next there lay, half conscious by the twain,
And fell'd and bruis'd by broken spar and wave,
A noble youth, a god, one of Apollo's train,
Whose smile a Juno, or Phaphian queen, might
crave:—

"Some envious angel caught his breath," she said.
And stealing near she touch'd his brow—dropped
words of cheer:
A perish'd moon hung low, in purpling mists, grey-
red—
Left ghosts of beams about the sandy bier;

While white sea-horses leap'd along the blue
Black edge of storm—their wild manes all astream,—
Then silence; and in quiv'ring lights, she knew
This noble youth, as one who chas'd his Dream,

He termed the holy Grail, true Happiness.
For years agone he journeyed forth alone—
The Dream upon his soul—large Freedom's stress,
And joy, on pinions these, far upward borne.

Food gave she and ministries, and words but meant
For godly heed used to Elysian song;
She prayed—she clasp'd him close with hope intent,
Her passion pure, made hand and spirit strong.

She kissed his brow, if haply so might steal
Some life-response—she press'd the lips, and lo!

Life's trembling flame! Anew the senses reel,
From deathly shadow-realm, to living glow;

And fiery bliss sending his soul agaze

In matchless eyes, that drink her spirit's flame—
That make her own, Love's stars,—in fond amaze,
Her loss, and early home and high-born aim.

He learns, while life within yet stronger stirs,
As lightning veins the cloud surcharg'd with good,
To fill the plain and flowerful summer years,
Or nature's starved and weary solitude.

The dawn stole over flow'r-rim'd land, and sea,
Its breath of balm touch'd Love's light wings with
rose,
As Ione's words of soul-felicity,
New, endless dawns of life of heaven unclose.

"I am not all you deem,—I'm THERAS, whom
Fate and strange gods sent forth to find the grail
True Happiness, beyond all touch of doom,
That human crown of godhood should not fail,"—

He breathed in music such as steals the soul;—
"There is a Wisdom high, a higher height,—
His ways not ours—and I,—I, lost the whole
Fair heav'nly secret and true angel light

In seeking self to please, knowledge, and fame,
I thought thro' these to win the highest crown,—
To hold Man's torch far 'bove Promethean flame:
But, losing truth, and faith, wrong cast me down:—

Love now shall bring new suns and dawns for me,—
And thy heart-joy God's uttermost shall prove":—
A golden shaft of morn fell suddenly
Around the twain, as if the rays of love

Fell soft from golden urns, in essence fine,
Of beings immortal:—Ione spake low,
In trembling joy—"Ah, me! the wrong was mine!—
No shout of world's loud fame, nor living glow

Of Vestal torch, can rule, or fill complete,
The awful splendors of the soul divine
That waits Eternity; now at Love's feet
All light, all realms of joy are mine and thine!"

Then on they passed, beyond to higher flight,—
To live and glean in Beauty's holy day,
Their souls as one celestial orb of light,
Revealing bliss, up God's immortal way.

OBLIVION.

"There is one, one only thing I dread
Of fate's peradventure, dark," he said.

"And that," I questioned sharp, "is loss
Of immortality—of light
Thrown on great deeds of human Right,
To shine, a burning lifted cross?—
Gleaming thro' time, and mortal night,
On hoary peaks, that guard man's good,
Close to God's eternal solitude?"

"Nay; nay! but tell me, where are they
Who lived, who died for man, æons away—
Yea, one of all who caught the Soul with love,
And bade defiance to oblivion?
Where are those loved, and great, the first to move
Man's life-tents out of chaos?—say on!"

"Ay, who says Oblivion? Tell me,
O sage of tears—who cometh to deny
Immortal day for them, for thee?—
Or show to man there is no world of light
Beyond this life's continued tragic "Why?"
Who says Oblivion, when He can prove
It false by starry worlds above—
The golden signs that o'er His pages move?"

THE HAUNTED BOWER.

(Near Niagara Falls.)

Where Niagara madly plunges, springs for liberty and life,

Earths hymn to God is sounding strong and deep,—
Bright glows the Bow of Beauty o'er the waves of beetling strife,

As wildest white waters rush and roar,
Near by, the fragrant grassy, and sunny wildwood shore,

Where the last glad billows leap,—
A leafy bower nestles, in shady beauty all its own,

While the sunbeams wander westward for dim gold;—
Haunting mem'ries, fairy visions, and soft echoes steal alone,

As starlight with moon-beams their mystic revels hold,
When no alien footsteps wander, ever, near.

If your soul can listen truly, secret music you may hear,
Bove melodies of tuneful wave, and breeze;

Stealing from the phantom Ages, and lost magic harps of old,

For this Bower is beauty-haunted! Leafy trees
And creepy branches, sudden sight of pictures oft unfold

Of lost, departed faces; and the lyre,
And chariot of an idle Singer, touch'd with fire;
When he left his song, and dreaming, for the Circe in the wave,

Or the world's low wail of sorrow far away!
Thus the starry waves and beauty, and th' phantoms mutely gave,

This grove its haunted Bower of today.

So, oft, may we discover in lifes battle-tempest din
Just where the billow pauses, and the roar of Doom
may cease,
The secret haunted bower, by Love and music
folded in,
And glowing o'er the breakers, bows of Peace.

TRUE KINSHIP.

I kiss the early flow'rs in May—
Oh, how like baby's breath are they!
Pansy, violet, lilacs pale,
And snowdrops trembling in the gale.

Then, kissing baby's lips, I say,
Just like flowers at blush of day!
I greet the tender May-blue skies,
And mamma says, "oh, baby's eyes!"

I look into those eyes, and all
The magic gleams of April fall
Across their heaven of mystic light,
That kist some stars beyond our sight!

So babe, and flow'rs such kindred be
In sweets divine, and mystery;
The mamma laughing, cries in mirth,
"Now which is heaven and which earth?

And who will tell us where the line
Is drawn 'tween earth, and the divine,
When baby's eyes, and smile, and laughter
Lead on the soul to God's Hereafter?

TIRED.

O just to be lying in soft, sweet grasses
Where woodlands low in the sunset gleam,
Where the fragrant breeze in whisper passes,
And the clouds as a dream
Bend over the sleep of the azure air
And day's gold ships all stranded there.

To think no more of toil and losses,
Of work for the world that's never done,
To dream no more of crowns for crosses,
Nor fight for truth and love as one;
Nor strive to straighten the crooked ways
Where the Sphinx yet waits, and the human slays.

O, to rest, and rest, as the silence dying
Into music breaks that the spirit hears;
As the sea to the light is softly sighing—
(Soft as love's smile seen through tears)
And hear no beat of waves that go
From the world's dark din of traffic and woe.

Just to forget the old earth's sorrow,
Its grandeur or gloom, its glory and sin;
To open calm eyes on a new Tomorrow
That never lets wrong or tumult in;
While from sea to sea in the starlight clear
The Prince of Peace to the soul draws near.

O, just to be lying for a little hour
Where Beauty, and Rest, would make life seem
As folded leaves of a sweet rose-flow'r!
While reveal'd is the dream,
(The soul's long dream) that in earth and sky
Is proof of its own divinity.

THE POET CHATTERTON.

In realms remote, in times unknown,
Across dim worlds she tireless flew
As beautiful as God could make—
Song, sped, and unto mortals drew !
And, hearing far-off ceaseless moan,
That held the night and morn awake,
She whisper'd down celestial groves:
“The sea! the sea is calling me—
My worshippers are also Love's.
On earth souls die for melody!”
Once, twice, and thrice she touched the sea,
‘Tween flights of ages struck one lyre;
From clime to clime her victr'ies won;
While limning night with heavenly fire
She left her throne—Eolian skies—
She touch'd the soul of Chatterton
And look'd on man through his fine eyes.

THE POET'S SHORTCOMINGS.

(An Early Poem.)

A sadness will o'er my spirit steal,
A sorrow my heart can ne'er reveal,
And I know by the quivering soul within—
Shrinking from blasts of a bitter world,
 And the touch of sin,
And the herd's rude gaze, that their noisy ways
Were never the paths my soul should win
 Where the clink of gold, and their greetings cold
 Is all the music they give to men;
Ah, no, my spirit ne'er was made
 To clash with the strife of a bitter life,
 To buy and sell,
 And gain as well,
As the worldling buys and gains;
 And meet the scorn of the plebeian born
Who flares in a gilded tinsel pride,
 And only a heartless greed to hide,
And false as the world to which he clings,
 And the gold that gilds his fortune's wings.

A sadness will o'er my spirit steal,
A sorrow my heart can ne'er reveal.
 Though birds are calling the brooks away,
And these laugh back in a gladsome play;
 The bee in the rose
 Is taking his doze,
And living a life of fragrance there
 The sky bends lovingly down 'to see
 Another sky in the lake as fair,

Where breeze, and wave, and murmur'rous cave,
And forests with winged symphonies
Are sending forth strange melodies
 And a *miserere* grand;
 I dwell with these,
And love the life of this wonder-land
 And dream that they my kindred are,
And feel with them, I too, was ne'er made,
 To clash with the strife
 Of a bitter life.

Just now as the sunbeam broke the cloud,
Once its cold grey shroud:
 A hope was born in my heart forlorn,
 That may lend life wings from its murmurings
 To mount afar to its ideal worlds,
 Where this life's banner ne'er unfurls
 Its steely folds where terrors hide:
Oh, I know, by the Ideal, life's heavenly bride,
 From Nature's truth; for all lofty use;
From spirits of Love, and a mother's wiles
Whose angel-hands, and hopes, and smiles
 Hedged in life with walls of flowers—
Cheer'd with song youth's roseate bowers,
 And bound up the bruised feet that tried
The thorny paths which her love would hide—
Yes, I know by these and a world within
 I never was made to wed with sin,
 And the stern dark strife
 Of a bitter life.

THE MISTLETOE.

In a glowing morn of pink-pearl hue,
Threaded with gossamer gold, and rays
Of glad spring light, the tender dew
In beauty trembled on leaf-hid sprays.
Where the stately rose and lily, and flowers
(Kiss'd by the lips of dancing Hours)
Of every tint, their beauty shed;
And these with the fairies seemed to scorn
The lowly dew, in the silence born,
As the brooding cérie twilight fled;
The queen of the fays and flowers said:
"You are naught with the cold and fickle light;
You cling to the grass, as it were my crown,
Or the lily's heart—away with you!"
And all this while seemed the gentle dew
To whisper low in the sweet low grass:
"Oh, what shall I be if I gain yon height
Of glad green hills, where trees look down
In majesty on flower and wave,
Where bird and cloudlet love to pass?
Shall I die alone where none may see
The shadows and grass that cover me?"—
'Twas so, when the mystic evening gave
Its spells of silence and love for all,
Some spirit of beauty quick bore away
The plaintive dew to the great oak tall,
And turned it to pearls of lasting light,
To gleam above, where star-beams play,
In purest glory day and night.

This is the mistletoe, saintly and white,
As the white, glad snow of the Christmas day.
So like the song, oft left and forgot
In the noisy world's tumult and din,
When it soars beyond where hate is not,
And opens the portals to let Love in,—
High in the realms o'er scorn and wrong,
That never can still God's truth in song.

BIRD OF THE LONELY LAKE.

Bird of the lonely lake!
As you perch on the rocks alone,
In the cold, gray waste of waters deep,
That over some misery moan, or weep,
And over hid sorrows break,—
Now, you look but a part of the stone;

But nor bird nor stone are you,
Out there in the cold mist gray;
Dull clouds flock by, and strange black wings
Silent sail, like phantom things
From land of Weir, as their dusky hue
Makes strokes of night cross the day.

In the spectral mists out there,
Amid rocks and moaning waves,
You seem but myself, just gone away
From strife and woe of a noisy day,—
Like wave and skies both bleak and bare,
Save for the wind that raves.

Bird of the lonely lake!
Out there on the solemn deep,
If you be but myself, oh, learn, I pray,
Some song of God, that will ever stay,
In spite of cold, and storms that break,—
Some joy, that will ever keep!

If myself you be, oh, leave
On lone wastes, and silence, there,
All sorrow-tone, and quickly bring
Touch of dawn, on a golden wing—
Notes divine that no soul may grieve—
Song, sweeter and higher than prayer.

LOVE'S LOSS AND GAIN.

A little plot of garden around
I had, of all this old world round!
Just given of love, and made for love,
And beautiful,—just large enough
For love's white feet tip-toe to stand
In my heart's dewy morning land,
And sip the honey sweet and rare
Nestled on two red rose-lips there.

This flowery plot was all to me!
—Just large enough for love's white feet
(I wish'd no more of land or sea),
To bring my soul his message sweet.
Ah, well-a-day! the cruel day!
They envied me, and the rosy shade
That love's fair feet and dew-lips made
In my garden close,—then swept away
My little world! Ah, well-a-day!

A mother's heart I must believe,
Is something God will not forget,
And He will let those dear feet yet
Lead down the vales of morn and eve
To one unfading Paradise
So dimly seen by tearful eyes;
And find some large and radiant place,
Where Love shall lift love's glorious face.

APOSTROPHE TO NIAGARA FALLS.

Niagara! in beauty pow'r and tone
And terrible for majesty—whence came—
Yea?, whence and whither thou? Wert thou once held
In leash by One who made our soul to thrill
In joy and awe before thy loveliness
And shrink in fear, as if thy glowing folds
Of heavn'ly robes fell to the solemn voice
Of music infinite? Wert thou first born
In some far rain-bow-realms of wind-blown space
Anear the birth of morn? the roots of Life?—
Flung out as Song to soothe the ear of Chaos?
Now have I heard pure tones too grand for flights
Of human harps! Thy crushed bewildered waves
Leap fearfully for light, and glowing crowns,
And liberty! while wooing every nymph
To hail thy lovely Iris Island near,
All beautiful enough to wake and call
The Tenth Muse to its shade, from far Egæan
Seas—Ionian Isles!

Niagara! thou art
God's disapason true,—earth's hymn of Time
Sung to Eternity! In freedom, lone,
As old Olympian gods that dwelt of yore
To human faith; naught may interpret thee
Save Silence and thy own Creator known.

MARY LOUISE FERGUSON.

Between the sunshine and the breeze
That idly steals my window in,
And, framed of gold, without,—within,
Thy portrait smiles on me Louise!
It makes fair holiday for me,
Thy face that sun, and moonlight sees
Within my room, and silently
Weaves charms, and spells, an' felicity,
That take my spirit as they please.

Warm moonbeams flit between the trees
Anear my gaze, and kiss thy face;
The stars, peer shyly in, Louise
And see thine eyes are more divine,
Than their deep skies of summer shine!
More beauteous thou, than star-lit space—
Mysterious more,—thy human grace!

In weary hours, and ill at ease,
Through lone days, wrecked by darker moods,
When all my soul's rich argosies,
Were nearly lost on tempest—seas,—
Thy angel face, O sweet Louise,
Smiled on me from the solitudes
Of pain, and silence, saying—"Peace,
Love's holiness shall never cease;
The soul alone that gives—receives,
And Heaven is his, who most believes."

COUNT DE LA SALLE: EXPLORER OF THE WEST.

"Thy soul was like a star—and dwelt apart—
Thou heard'st a voice whose sound was like the sea!"

In la belle France,—Adventure's quick'ning Age,
A noble youth in wild-eyed wonder knelt
At shrines of science—of knowledge, held
By ancient priest and monk—base Ignorance
Might ne'er despoil. The father sometime wise
Ambitious, proud, would have his son reach high
For fame, or state-hood crown, e'en to France's
Topmost pinnacle: the dear old Aunt
Who gave him life's heart-side, and tender views
Of the Beautiful, and true, alike would see
Him no whit less a king in thought and power.
These with the good old monk Rafel were guide
And inspiration to this dream-fed youth
The growing soul, who waited that Dawn-rise
Now quick'ning men, and smiting full the world.—
The fiery mind and heart of young La Salle—
Had these not fed on all the wonder-work
Of Columbus brave, and of those heroes sent
Of Spain, of Portugal, of glorious France,
To conquer Chaos, to win new climes for men?
Champlain, (who sailed and wrested northern bounds
Of the New World from Red men, wild, unknown,—
With dazzling splendors of their lakes and seas,—)
The battle fields and hero-death of brave
Montcalm, and other warriors swept on wings

Of gory war, from strife to fame and death,—
Had nerved La Salle, the more to strike for France,
To win and plant her flag for man, and church,
Whose voice might bear new song to newer lands.—
“Is mind less now than lead their day of fame
Of world-wide work? Of Caesar’s day, or Rome’s?—
In this small acorn at my feet—is not
The giant oak enfolded there, that waits
On time, on Opportunity full-fledged?—
So—God, of *Genius*, calleth forth His own
To prove himself!”—Thus mused this valiant youth
Of tender soul and thought profound. He toiled
With fierce delight; of ease, of joy, made he
Bon-fires that lit the days and nights and fired
Anew his Dream; in order, law, made firm
And discipline, as tho’ the fields of war
Waited his steps, and not Pierian springs
At which his young mind drank the founts of life:
Th’ good Rafel no flaw of Purpose brook’d
In wisdom’s building-stones. The annals old
Of France, to La Salle were as stars that led
To greater glory-paths, for workers true.
E’en stories of the mystic *maiden* brave
Fair Jean d’Arc, was as eternal sign,
Or hand of scorn, that pointed thro’ all time,
And wrote: Achieve! Achieve! Avenge her wrong
Through Heaven’s right.

For man’s true cause, for France
And her undying good preeminent,—
To place his king as Earth’s most brilliant orb,
The dauntless, young La Salle, like some winged steed
That dared Empyrean heights, resolved with brave
Glad men to sail the desert of new seas,

New-born to time, where that strange virgin world
America, reposed in twilight dim
Of silence, ay, in Beauty's dawn, (now near
Her marriage morn to mankind) and revealed
With valor, and with glory, God's fair work.

'Twas he,—La Salle renown'd, pluck'd this new land
(And more than crown or kingdom) gave his king:
For his prophetic soul was dowered, wise,
And fed by Dreams and spirit force, and pow'r,
God grants to souls who do His work eterne,—
Thro' visions saw this promised land of men.
Last—mighty seas he cross'd and knelt in awe
By Mississippi's tide; and tropic lands
Named he, for France and king.

The grandeur vast
Of Nature's lavish world, in forests great
New pillars seemed, for holding earth and heaven,
And lofty streams, and water-falls that break
The realms of silence, with their thunders dread,
As rhythmic as the hammer-stroke of Thor,
Or sighs of Saturn ere grey dawn of Time,—
When all the world was lonely with its night
These smote him with such joy of faith made true
Till Life's full mystic rim was nigh to break
And touch the unseen shores of God.

Once more
This leader-warrior, dreamer true, became,
In Nature's love, in Beauty, and fine sight,
The Poet of his youth. And Pan was no
Crude figment of the Greeks Ideal and brain.
This presence, holy beauty,—always near,
Was as a wreath of Dawn that seeks to crown

Some giant peak, grown sad with starry night.
And faith, breathed to his heart, o'er gulfs of gloom,
Of silence, that his new land, should for earth
Be greater far than any Iliad sung
Of noblest wise men old, of ancient Greece
Who wrought for war, for art, or fame sublime,—
That giants here, should be the sons of Toil
Of deathless Thought, th' giants of love, and peace,
Grown sons of light, and God. His dream made true!

One bright space, and keen exultant joy
Was his when he might pause and turn his gaze
From star-strewn heights sublime, where seemed to
rest
His heaven-born dream—to watch the smaller streams
And rivers beautiful, that find their ways
Thro' gorge, and glen, or shyly pass along
Through woodlands deep, knowing where flowers pure
Of ev'ry hue and clime, would wait thro' days
And shady eves, their murmurous cheer and kiss,
And songs of love, while nymphs would steal to gaze
Into their starry eyes.

Beauty to him

(Life's early bride) in this new France he loved
Could touch with strength divine and life renew:
With mystic wing she guides the god-like soul!
Here, *I-da-ho* loomed mount of silver light;
And *Arkansaw*,—in Nature's beauty crown'd—
The horn of plenty in her virgin arms,—
With list'ning ear, to catch the song of dawn:
Colorado—goldlined,—and *Oregon*;
Missouri, too, of giant thews and bands
To bind the world; and *California* vast

With gold and silver zones—colossal mounts
And giant trees to swathe the mountains brow
Or laugh the vales to scorn; and other clans
Of unrob'd States, in Nature's primal strength
Gave forth their wealth to man's sure master-mind,
That bids the *Chaos* wear a crown of light—
And wreathes her flowers at his behest, and law.—
Th' amazed mind gazed on Pacific seas
And cried; Where be thy Maker and his throne?

And when La Salle, God's leaf of Purpose turned
That other men should read his newer work,
The task was done—Through wrongs of cruel man
He passed to rest, to higher heights, where time,
And angels that do haste 'tween suns and worlds
Would glad his vis'on with sight of rolling years,
Of scenes come true; that men behold to-day.—
In this fair western land of earth's New world.

Where Freedom plants her oriflame of good,
Her standards of new states; of wealth and pow'r
Ay, source of such gigantic strength and life,
To feed the waning force of other lands
Far over seas, with bread and wine, and oil,
With power; and truth, and love Columbia holds
Received of Heav'n, when justice crowneth right.—
These states we celebrate carved from the vast

Young virgin world *he* saw, then bravely died:—
These be the Dreams of great La Salle come true!
And now Oh, Seers, the voice of wisdom saith,—
Ye sons of Freedom! guard; guard, well the gates
Of more than pearl, that close your gorgeous paths

That lead to this new Home, for restless man.
Thrust back and slay, the dragons vile, of greed!
Of gain, which now would strike its sure strong walls,
Till all the fiends of Lust, of Pow'r insane
Would crush its heav'n-built walls in miry clay—
Would crush man's liberty in deadly slime,—
Blot out the smiles of joy, and blind with tears
E'en Pity's tender eyes; and give the cup
Of Death to man's last Hope.

DO YOU HEAR THEM?

Do you hear them, O, my brothers, from the dark lands
and far lands?
In the clatter and the rushing of wheels—mighty
wheels!
Of noisy million mills, where the smitten day but
but reels;
Where all night the factory fires make of earth strange
star-lands;
Of the plains lying dim, 'neath a low brazen sky,
That glows in darkness dread, as a furnace flaring
high.

Do you hear the iron hissing in the beds of molten fire?
It burnt the lives of hundreds out long, long ago!—
Through the scourging days of summer, year to year,
but to expire,
For they feel too sad and weary, for weeping, in
their woe.

Do you hear the children crying in the grimy noisome
night-time,

Deep down in the sunless and godless mines afar?
Day nor night of any year, brings ever them a bright
time;

They have never seen a rainbow; scarcely know
what flowers are!

Have you heard the prisoners shudder, in irons in
bleak snows?

Their life-blood marks each foot-step and the silence of
their woes;

They are human, too!—once human—once had mothers,
Had fair childhood—sweet sisters, tender brothers.

These are calling to your mercy, to your joy—and sun-
light

For one taste of each to touch their broken famished
lives—

A cup of water in the desert—in their low scorching
night;

Weary children—smitten fathers—cursing wives,
That can never see aught truly, with their prison-faded
eyes.

One human touch, would tell them, love once answered
human moan,—

Love, in a mother's tear-drop, in her song, or merest
tone,

In the faintest kiss of childhood, that made morning in
the world,

When the sky around, above them, were but their dreams
unfurled,

And flowers, were the whispers of the night unto the day,
An' their heavenly father's door, was but a little step away.

Now, they never have a day to change for all the ceaseless roar,
Of labor's iron din—for one song of mighty sea,—
For its rainbows on the shore, and the sunset's mystery,
Or to feel the grasses waving 'neath weary aching feet,
Or hear the kiss of waters, when the music rivers meet.
Some pity, then, O brothers! for their sins, their woe,
unrest,—
What were you! without the bliss that hides the savage
in your breast?

WHITHER?

What will you do the rest of the way
If the lonely pine and sandy beach,
Where brooding winds and sea waves play,
Can every tender memory reach
And silence thought and speech to tears,
For the dear departed years
Forever gone away?

Oh, what will you do if yon myrtle bloom
And red pomegranate in garden ways,
And mimosa sweet (that leaves no room
For rainbows to cast their glory rays),
If these can shiver your heart and weep,
Casting your joy to a burial deep
'Till the angels know not the place—
And make life pine for the vanished face
And the love that would not stay?

Yea, what will you do when the very stars
And waves that woe them to under world
Will make you long to cross the bars
Of gold-paved night, with sails unfurl'd,
To radiant seas? Yea, if this be so,
What can you sing but a song of woe
For the Now, or the Faraway?

Nay, this I'll do—I will lay me hold
Of the peace of Truth—catch ships that sail
From the land of souls, whose tides enfold
Endless music, and no heart wail;
And lay strong hold on God's own Peace
That comes for me from shoreless seas,
And steals through Nature's glory-dream—
Knits up Life's ravel'd garment seam,
And will never pass away.

A FLOWER FROM GOAT-ISLAND; NIAGARA.

What had you to do being born
There alone in the beautiful Isle?

White tempest of waters, and th' morn—
Did they kiss you to life with a smile?—

And promise of rain-bows to girdle your bower
alway,
In bride veils of star-smitten spray?

O, royal little flower, heart-red
With your own like sun in the west,
On your rock-altar, vine and moss-spread,
'Mid waves of th' Rapids, rose-diamonds for crest,—
You whisper to winds and waters, sweet, peace
as th' azure above.
And to sunbeams, and starlight, give love.

In grandeur you bloom royal flower—
Gem of God's page for love-litten eyes,
That see you and praise, as a ray of the Power
Who flung out Niagara, patterned the skies!—
While we, for His glory, an' Name are born just
To Be,
Is a message you give us of life's mystery.

" Give all to love ;
Obey thy heart ;
Friends, kindred, days,
Estate, good fame,
plans, credit, and the Muse,—
Nothing refuse.

" Tis a brave master ;
Let it have scope :
Follow it utterly,
Hope beyond hope :
High and more high
It dives into noon
With wing unspent,
Untold intent ;
But it is a god,
Knows its own path
And outlets of the sky."

ROMANCE OF THE "MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS."

In lost years flown down the Ages,—in the wake of
purest morn
That smote our new America (young strong and glad
and free,
From its battle with the giants, and old Saturn)
there was born,
In the lily land of romance, dreamful star-eyed Italy—
A child of love and wisdom; as for holy purpose
plan'd
Was he given to the parents, waiting God's law and
His will.—
“He'll bear the word of holy Writ,—and religion's
high command,”
Said his mother, and yon new world with his fame or
power fill;
“Fill earth's-night with a glory kin to that which
shone on high

When David saw and heard a speech beyond his harp
to sing,—
Kin to light that fell thro' darkness unto man from
Sinai!
The same that swept through morning for th' empyrean
to ring
With the hosts, and angel anthemns, telling where the
Christ-Child lay.”—

"His name's Jean Paul," said the father" for those
saintly men of old
For John the loved one and holy :"—and the mother
whisper'd "yea
"His stars of truth shall brighten, earthly highways
to unfold."

Through mother-love and constant care that little
Roma gave,
And sages secret wisdom and their vital truths sown
deep,
Paul grew to noblest manhood.—Roma beautiful
and grave,
Like a star of love above him, o'er his days would
vigil keep
For she nursed high dreams prophetic, only to her
spirit known;
Held in tearful prayer and worship, since the morning
it was said
That her cousin Jean "took Orders"—These cousins
two, had grown
From infancy together—in fond ties of home-life wed.—
She whispered in her weeping—bows of hope above
each tear—
"I will flee the convent's portal—I will seek the ship
by night
I will work and wander with him—all this toil and
hardship bear
Though he see me not, nor know me in my nun-like role
and plight."

Roma's spirit worshiped Beauty; yea her own brow
wore its wreath,
And its mysteries full sparkled in her twilight starry
eyes;
All her nature, every motion, subtle music seemed
to breathe;
Her soul, her voice were woven of love's passionate
warm sighs;
Jean had taught the little maiden much, of ancient
lore he knew,—
Such the schools and fathers offered: though all nature
was his store, ..
His founts and wells of wisdom (from which his
being drew—
Ever mind and spirit leaping to their cries of More,
and More,
Of the verities eternal:—God's thought gleaming
everywhere;—
One Cause—creative forces, which no mind may
analyze,
Which enwreath both earth and heav'n: his faith
would oft declare—
“Growth of Mind's the Maker's mandate,—Freedom's
true eternal prize.”
His was the nature sensitive (as a cloud that fills
with dawn
When the flowers sparkling waken to the fragrant kiss
of dews;)

He wove his song in silence, to the Muses loom
withdrawn
On heights where none dare meet him—But the new
world he would chose

First to plant the holy standard of the Cross, and
serve mankind;
Be messenger of forces, which to Greek and Roman
bore

Proud, masterful dominion,—or scale heaven so to find
The fountain fires of Knowledge, and of beauty's death-
less glow.—

"What means Prometheus fable,—stolen fire of un-
known height?—

Save Man list'ning to the Voices—calling spirit to arise!
While Ignorance, darkest vulture eats his heart and slays
his light,

Clips the soul a-soaring upward—plucks the stars from
out his skies"—

Thus cried Jean Paul when musing lonely by the evening
sea :—

"O for freedom! work and freedom! my heart's sole
supreme desire,"

Said he in burning rapture;—"the boundless air eter-
nally

Is my home, and not the palace; marble fane, nor soar-
ing spire.—

"The truths that I have worshipped living deep within
my heart,

Gorgeous flowers of God's own garden reaching up to
kiss the sun—

These may touch the Future's splendor,—they shall
glow above the mart,

"And the dens of sordid Traffic, with their souls of men
undone.

May I spread the holy wisdom that flowed on from Gallilee,
Whose light divine has riven, every darkness to subdue—
Aye the proof that man's immortal is, that he hath
pow'r to see
Truth's hid and living forces,—his own one-ness with
the True!

"O Italy! farewell, thy name, my Italy! hath charm;
For beauty hovered near thee at thy birth, and all the
loves
And the Graces held thee dreaming in th' rosy air and
warm,
And kiss'd thy life to melody, as gentle as sweet doves..
Wooing by the sunburnt seas,—and all thy Romance—
all thy woe,
Shall stir the hearts of Nations, for the wrongs that
severed thee!
And thy stars will lift earth-darkness, as thy Art and
fiery glow
Of truth from beauty's altars, shall make men god-like
and free.

"Thy name is Love, and passion!—ah, what is that to
me?—
ROMA, is love the purest—(may God send her angel
peace)—
To His cause my life is given, and far o'er yon Western
seas,
Where Nature's grander Epic utters forth His world-
decrees;

I, shall toil and build, and labor,—I will find the golden strands;
There shall rise for man true temples. in the sunset-glory lands:
I shall find the western Portal, where God left His mighty shield
Of azure-silvered-ocean, by earth's gateway of the New.—
There shall flow a wiser people; every hallowed fruitful field,
Shall praise in peace and plenty,—man's full life to him be true."

Roma knew since life's first dawning, Jean her only bliss, her joy.
Oft he whispered: "Roma, listen; we know not what knowledge is.
Could I gather songbirds music,—paint Nature true without alloy,
Twine the notes of low winds stealing,—name one star, shining in bliss—
Pierce one secret of yon ocean; tell why roses bloom to fall;—
Ah! more yet,—the mystery, why, to sorrow Love is thrall—
And joy and hate, the nearest, to its holy raptures sleep:—
This were wisdom glorious, worth eternity to reap.

Thou art formed for love and beauty; wait, believe,—an' thou wilt know:
Thou'l hear true Voices calling.—I—I, seek the silver strands

Of the New World's western ocean: Thou wilt never
know my woe,
To leave thee,—mother—father thus: but the secret
Voice commands—
It calls me from the future; and the Vision looms like
one
That smote God's waiting angel in th' Apocalyptic sun."

* * * * *

Roma loved Paul madly, purely; in that mystery en-
wrought
Her soul seemed hers no longer,—she was Roma thence,
no more.
But merged in his existence, he became her mind and
thought;
Still, nursing vows, to follow to the farthest Western
shore,
To toil in secret near him, every cross and danger share.
Better die in hope's high battle, than in dungeons of de-
spair!
And when storm-clouds hid the even', swept the stars to
chaos-night,
Roma stole from home and convent; with the Sisters
five, would sail—
On the ship to leave at dawning: secret was her hope;
her flight;—
"Better lost in depths of ocean, than to perish in heart-
wail",
Sighed she,—"for ev'ry cross, and torture shines there a
higher height."

PART II.

DEPARTURE.

With stern, proud hearts heroic, Jean Paul's noble band
sail'd on—
The godly men, and captains,—soldiers brave and women
braye;
And Paul as Seer above all looming;—like a star of
Bethlehem,
Was guide for men, with wisdom dowered, of truth and
power to save
The weakling heart which perishes, other hearts quick in
despair.
While they sailed and sailed, a-weary, ways, where seas
and heav'ns meet:
Each one his Dream divining, as far o'er the sunset's
lair;—
Paul ever heard one Voice within, call unto souls of
men.

Last, from weeks of storm of peril, and the goodly ships
found rest
By California's gateway, and where beauty's garment-
hem
Touch'd gleaming mount and valley, trailed in gold dust
of the west,
They knelt with prayer and anthem, in the evening's
diadem
Of burning stars. The braver bands marched on and
to find the old

Sad ruins of one "Mission" left by brave churchmen
long ago
—(These slain by plague, or savages, their horrors,
never told)

Here Paul and brave ones labored until home and
church arose;

Toil upheld her horn of Plenty,—and from dawn to
evening's glow,

Strew'd fields and meadows sweet with corn, and wine,
an' twining-rose.

They pass'd the great Sequoias—giants old that lordly
rise

Above the forests green deep slumber, where the day
surprised look'd on;

Down her blue vales tossing sunbeams for hid flowers'
starry eyes;

And people praying, praising, God and Nature all as
one.

And each soul plumed in wonder, for the glory, round
them lay—

Eager each soul for the Conflict, winning Fate's long
battle day.

All the people gazed exalted, happy, quicken'd souls, in
awe,

Touching this rim of Wonderworld, the new, beyond all
dream,

Land of miracle and promise, to each glad heart that
saw,

Fresh Edens glow in blazing light, soft mystic gleam
on gleam,

Of sky and sea, that Italy would ne'r surpass; mean-
time,

Jean Paul the hymn all grateful wove, to chant on holi-day,

When Silence full of melody, touch'd earth in heav'nly chime:

* * * * *

O, mother Earth! my mother, thee, I love, forevermore,
With thy skies as dream-veils woven;—

Whither sky-lark, and great anthems, an' the eagle proud may soar:

With thy fields and meadows calling for the holy kiss
of day,

As the mystic flame burns cloven,—

O'er heights of truth and beauty, which no Doom may cast away:

Since I see thy grasses sighing in thy rythmic winds that blow—

And deeper power stealing from the seas—

Which give clearer voice, and vision, while from mind,
and nature flow,

Subtler chains that ever bind life, in ecstatic harmonies,
In the Melody creation, links in golden mysteries.

All thy hills of iron strengthen, all thy corn and flowers,
bless;

And thy "bands of Beauty" feed me;

Thy sunlight and thy twilight, touch the soul as love's caress;—

Thy mountains are a glory where great thoughts unfold their wings;

While thy truths, and music link me,

In the spiral chain of Being, to the farthest orb that sings!

* * * * *

But, time came when Paul summons'd forth th' faithful
band and said,
"We now have reared one altar here, to Heaven, for
Mankind's good:
"A few braves with me farther go,—northward,—wild
lands shall wed
With peace, and law, through order, and His mercies
understood
"His fatherhood thro' Christ, and Love: thence shrines
and cities rise,
"To works of Toil,—Religion,— and truth— blending
harmonies."
Score by score men answered bravely, as true men an'
heroes do,—
Strong, and grave, in glowing rapture,—grand in pur-
pose, love and power.—
In, three days,—ere the waning of morn's star in violet-
blue,
These would leave their new-found Mission. . . .
Th' last day at starry hour,
Jean Paul alone by tangled pines—bent low by the
vagrant brook
(Where a mellow tree down leaning, held its weight of
golden fruit
To kiss of sun and shadow,) would commune with
heart and soul. . . .
He felt quick throes of Fate now stir his life through
branch and root,
And thought, and Purpose, shaken by its mystic-writ-
ten scroll
That dimmed his nearing future, with dark portents and
alarm. . . .

Was that a wild bird fluttered in the silver-leafy nook?—
Strange object saw he crouching there (like crumpled
root of tree
O'er-clad with vines)—near stealing; still much startled,
bold, he spake,
Yet kindly grave, like music cross'd: “Tell me true who
may this be?—
Fair maiden! (such was she)—now flee you hence, let
th' cloister's charm
Give peace and saintly power,—His angel guard you
for his sake.”
She let her filmy veil half-fall, aside,—but dimly seen,
Were the glowing eyes,—madonna face, that lit the
dusky air,
Yet hid her pallid faintness and her lissome trembling,
form.

While she scarcely spake for weeping: “O my kindred
loved, forbear!—
Forgive!—you know not?—all my vows, when naught
may come between—
Your life and mine forever, though fate hurls her storm
on storm!
—You stand aghast? art angered?—know you not this
voice? these eyes?—
Mutely gazed Jean Paul in wonder; all a-tremble, lost
in dread,
In wilder sorrow spake,—“You Roma? once loved Roma,
and there lies
Our Italy, and oceans 'tween us, deep as the Un-
known!—

"Nay,—listen—hear my story: while I followed in disguise,
On the vessel sailing with you, I but sought to spare
you pain
Haply sorrow then, tho' had you loved me back with
soul emprise,
You had heard my heart's blood falling in the dark as
low red rain. . . .
All that a soul hath giveth it for its god, and you are
mine—
—Through love, and you,—immortal, I!—now my life
you cannot kill—
I go!—remember cousin, where your star burns, my
stars shine—
Undimmed, aglow forever.—"
. . . . Quick his soul and mind and will,
Seemed to quiver in white flaming,—then flash out a
meteor spark,
O'er the vibrant gath'ring chaos,—saw one face light all
the dark.

PART III.

THE ARRIVAL.

Twice four months and twenty had Jean Paul and com-
rades brave
And sisters of the Mission travelled far in toil and
stress;
Ere they neared the giant mountain;—lit new fires and
built the home,

A goodly spot and noble 'twas (with spire and pennon-waive,—)
Chose they; like gardens climbing out from dusky wilderness
Of vine and tangled forest.—Soon, their broad new acres own
All their wiser skilful labor. . . . While th' sisters, and women wrought
With thread, and gentle teachings, and their fine industrial arts
Which love's sacred altars offered, of the mind and deepmost thought:
Day and night, in hardships loyal—sublime in faith their hearts;
—The sisters all, and people gave full reverence, faith, and love
To Roma, as Madonna pure,—swift in thought and holy deeds
For God—for church,—weal human; and ever youth, and age each strove
To win her cause, her favor, and to catch her music-tone
In song, or adoration oft, in "Aves," trembling sweet;
In vigil with the sick one, or in the little chapel lone,
As she knelt with saint, or erring,—haloes touching brow and feet.

While for Paul:—his daily contact with the Real, and living facts,
Of new worlds, of all Being;—gave deeper ideas of God's laws,—
True views of man's infinite mission,—sole freedom for his acts,

Full faith and crowning glory in obeying Love, the
Cause.
He had ceased to struggle; reeling off dim tangled
strands of fate;
He saw life freed of dogma,—in quick'ning truth and
broader line
Than taught all ancient Sages. For to him, the Real,
but cast
As a golden shield, upheld, infinite rays of truth's sun-
shine
Glowing from the Ideal always, though the clouded soul
be late
To hail its morning Vision, in noon bursts of glory past.

Thus the Yea, of being, freed him;—to his soul, and
God, made known;
Next the loyal loving Roma,—unto these, the All-con-
fessed;
Life's tide was at its fullness! Doubt, night,—and su-
perstition flown
To oblivion forever.

—When day perished in the west,
Its smothered gold star-sprinkled, Paul besought lov'd
Roma, where
The chapel fountain whispered forth its woodland
secrets sweet,
Lent tuneful harps of music; for oftentimes in joy and
prayer
The brave girl here would wander, when the Silence
seemed to meet
As an angel veil'd, her spirit,—tost in problems, wild
and strange.

She knew one love,—and, trusted:—but would coming
time, or Change,
As burning swords not quiver, o'er bright gateways of
her world?
Her musings tearful, vanished, as dim evening lay im-
pearl'd
On shoals of opal-roses.

—Paul drew near, and clasped her hands
In pure sweet sad intensity,—in thought an' passion
calmn and deep. . . .
“I've all confessed, oh, loved one! and you hold the
soul of life.—

We break the last of fetters now: we will wed as God
decrees;
We are freed—thro' Love the mighty—oh! I would that
from all lands

We may strike vile superstition!—sever bands of hate,
of strife—
Lead the world to its high birth-right, as His light'ning
powers leap.

“God has giv'n me these gifts Roma,—faith, insight,
and truth and love;

“And tho' I be a dream flown down, through realms of
Dream afar,

On the brink of each day tremble I, of new Revela-
tions—dread,

For beauty pow'r and mystery, as yon trackless, fade-
less, star

O'er gulfs of space”; while stray beams slipped their
fairy leash above

And touched her brow like seraph's,—Roma closer drew
and said:

"Have you no fears, beloved, for th' great Future's long delay,
Of stormful doubt, of warfare, 'gainst your purpose,—
work divine?—
The bitter toilsome battle with monster race-beliefs that
slay?
No help from church, or nations,—only curse or hate,
or rage?"

"No curse fear I, you, faithful,—all your life is cast in
mine,
Hence completeness,—trust, and Roma! ay, we yet shall
teach the age
This: God hid himself in th' soul first; to prove him-
self He made
Man free,—at once eternal, with his harmony, and
laws.
We are free; yet thro' Love's fetters all spirit—freedom
must attain—
This liberty,—links forging true, in th' grand infinite
Cause."
She pressed his hand and whispered—in her eyes new
splendors played
With tender light of spirit fires,—“ah, love, the vulture
pain,
Gnaws daily at my heart and hope, with warnings dread,
and slow;—
If I leave you? “Nay,” he uttered, “I shall pass death's
portal first—
You will seek and find my volume, of our Truth's Re-
vealing's new,

Of Life's hidden spirit forces (well writ) whose light
shall burst

Strong fetters of grim Error,—send it forth to all men
true—

All mankind, thro' press and pulpit":

“—Nay, oh, loved one, should I go
(“Since this anguish warns me daily) how climb you
the steeps alone?

The calvarys, cross-planted?”—“Ah, picture not such
woe

“You would behold me, loved one, as you touched ce-
lestia spheres,

(I could bide this plane, no, never)—’bove where the
heav’ns shone,—

See my soul, a star wait for you, supreme, o'er flight of
years!

—Now haste within my Roma, th' holy night grows
strangely chill—

Seek in gentle peace and slumber, rest from toiling
thought, and fears,”

Thus they parted, one in spirit:—while the bells below
th' hill

Struck hour of prayer and curfew-time: and earth grew
dark and still.—

* * * * *

Three days darkly followed after, stormy-wing'd and
charged with fate:

When fiery-demon fever, Roma's life, smote: dread
alarm

Filled the hearts of all the Mission.—In the wane of
midnight late

Came her nurses softly weeping,—sought Paul and th'
sisters two—
Sisters Marie, and Iola,—who with mother-care and
charm
And devotion, watched the maiden from their old lands
to the new.
—Long they saw the fitful life flame of this loved one
waning low—
A waif of dying melody, above their voiceless woe.
—Silence fell; for trooping angels swept the gloaming
full of light,
And threading all with music, passed her soul from
earthly sight.

* * * * *

Half-way up the giant mountain, and some miles above
the marge
Of belts of woodland guarding round th' mission's stony
lines,
Where the deep wild fissure snow-filled shone white
year unto year—
Which quaking earth had riven, in primeval time of
yore;
And fiery zeal of fathers crossed, and deepened more
and more;
They named this mount of Holy Cross; for Roma gave
them charge,
At foot of this to place her bier; when death closed
her fair eyes,
And here in grass-plot, the holiest, neath softly sighing
pines,
They made fair place of resting, curtained by pale sum-
mer skies,

For the coffined form of Roma,—her pure spirit now
 flown to where
Prayer of love, nor tear of sorrow, smite the heart,—
 and all is peace.

Thus with saintly word, and chaunting, in the holy
 evening air,

They bore her blest, to resting,—

—“Now will there never cease

To be this sign Memorial of endless love and sacrifice,”
Sighed Paul, bowed low in anguish—“every eye of
 earth that sees

In ages yet to follow, this great portent gleaming white
Will gaze on it, Christ-symbol, as some message from
 the skies:

It will pierce man’s spirit, moving him to soul and
 power, of Right;

For men must yet believe in Love, till harmony, and
 light

Shall fill our world!—O vanish’d one, in this faith of
 thine, my own,

Is Heaven ever nearest me!”—And the stars above him
 shone

So near in warm rays passionate, as if far seraphic eyes
Would share their dazzling glory, an’ cheer thro’ mists
 of paradise.”

UNANSWERED.

I know not why there seers were of old,
Nor why there prophets be;
I cannot tell why Spirit doth withhold
The truths I love so, veil'd in mystery.
I know not why Beauty, like threads of gold,
Veins all Material—all the greys
Of Actual and Fact—illumes all ways
Where the soul walks with God; I must believe
Immortal intimations hearts receive,
And that faith makes the day splendid.

I know not where's the realm of Bliss conceal'd—
(Mind cannot limn so fair a place);
I reck not where the Pages be reveal'd—
And where love's august face
Will answer human wail and destiny;
I can but wait the Vision—watch and see
The cloud-veils from all heights withdrawn;
I only know I must work, and wait the Dawn,
For the long, long night ended!

THE FACE OF MY DEAD.

(Obit: Fitzhugh Lee, April 28, 1905.)

'Twas the call of May, as the joy of spring
 Made the joy of the world!
And the heavenly twain would tribute bring—
Even Memory and Love, as they wept above
 Where our flags were furled
O'er Lee at rest. The golden spears
 Of the glorious sun
Cross'd and defied the lance of Death;
While a veiled form, with sob, and sigh,
 And her muffled tears,
Her haloe'd brow, and bated breath,
And pleading glance, and heav'ly eye,
 Whispered low, to the twain, as one,
She bade them pass; and we knew while she spake
 'Twas the beautiful South—the mother of Lee,
Though she only said
 To Love, and to all: "For his dear sake
Let me look alone, on the face of my dead—
 'Twill glow as a star to the uttermost Sea."

IN SILENCE.

Could we but limn the images
 All beautiful, that throng the ceaseless brain,
 And woo the soul none other human sees,—
 Th' Visions in youth, in age, that wing again
 Through all the grand years' flight;
 We then would thrill the dazzled heart and sight
 Forever with untold delight.
 And yet, how glows the canvas great, and fair,—
 The vision highest, best, is never there!

If we could hymn the finest melodies
 That stir the soul from life's hush'd other side,
 From the Unseen, Unknown, their mysteries
 Too fine for men to hear, or glide
 To earthly harps, and lays,
 Then we might fill the earth with joy and praise!
 But in our sweetest song, our saddest tone—
 The secret grandest, best, is never known.

Could we Love's highest, fullest bliss express,
 Not in heart-wonder die, earth then might be
 Like Heaven; while loves within the deeds that bless,—
 (Bless, and hush lips of sorrow's strife,—)
 Pass by unseen of souls we daily see:—
 Haply, unknown, to father, child or wife;
 So in earth's sweet light and joy, where others trod
 The bloomy heights; or, vales of woe,—
 And past the tomb's dim night, we mutely go,
 (Like phantoms of silence to and fro)
 And carry, alone, our best to God!

PRESS COMMENT

CRITICISM FROM NOTED MEN AND WOMEN

The Southern Cross, and Other Poems. By Lillian Rozell Messenger. Author of "Threads of Fate," "Fragments from an Old Inn," "The Vision of Gold," etc. Folio, cloth, beveled boards, 42 pages, \$1.00.

Distinguished characteristics—such as wild grace of thought, imagination at once bold and delicate, passionate purity of feeling. * * * A web of many colored thoughts, fine and firm, with no shoddy of false sentiment. The suggestive quality is a notable charm—charm of mystery—hidden sweetness—the folded heart of a rose.—Mary E. Bryan.

"The Southern Cross and Other Poems," by Lillian Rozell Messenger, presents much stately blank verse. "Hippomenes, or Love's Sacrifice," the longest piece in it, abounds in such strong expressions throughout its sounding periods as "athwart his noble eye's splendors serene," "quick bitterness," "the fires and bloom of living hope," "the mangled soul," stronger in fact than congruous in many cases, a kind of mixed strength in the metaphors.—*Brooklyn Daily Eagle.*

"Fragments from an Old Inn" and "The Vision of Gold." By Lillian Rozell Messenger.

"Lillian Rozell Messenger has written some of the saddest and loveliest verses in the English language."—*Memphis Ledger.*

PRESS COMMENT

"Thoughts brilliant and abundant as stars at night under Southern skies."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"They are the depths of life and heights of divinity."—*Chattanooga Times*.

"Her muse is distinctively tropical, passionately delighting in all beautiful and brilliant forms of Nature."—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

"Shows a poetic power of a rare kind. * * * Upon every page may be found lines of beauty, strength and originality. The sentiment in all the poems is pure, ennobling, helpful."—*Joaquin Miller*.

PROF. JAMES WOOD DAVIDSON says:

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